

The Infant's Dream.

The following beautiful lines were read by the late Hon. Edward Everett before the Young Men's Literary Association in Boston many years ago. During his travels he came in possession of the MSS., without the author's signature. He pronounced it a perfect gem, and regretted exceedingly that the writer of so chaste, elegant, and touching a poem should have omitted his or her name:

O! cradle me on your knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly
pressed
My glowing cheek to your soft warm
breast,
For I saw a sight as you sung me to
rest
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile,
mamma,
And weep as you then did weep,
Then fix on me your glistening eye
And gaze, and gaze till the tear be dry,
Then rock me gently, and sing and
sigh
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream,
mamma,
While slumbering on your knee,
And I lived in a land where forms di-
vine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world
were mine,
Aga... that land to see.

I fancied we roamed through a wood,
mamma,
And rested as under a bough;
Then by us a butterfly fluttered in
pride,
And I chased it away through the forest
wide,
And the night came on and I lost my
guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in
the air,
And she flung back the curls of her
golden hair,
And she kissed me so softly, ere I was
aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty baby, with
me."

My tears and fears she beguiled,
mamma,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of a dark, dark
tomb,
We passed through a long, long vault
of gloom;
Then opened our eyes on a land of
bloom
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there,
mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I
was amazed,
And, wondering, around me I gazed
and gazed;
And songs I heard, and sunny beams
blazed
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng,
mamma,
Of white-winged babies to me;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet
lips smiled,
And they marveled to meet with an
earth-born child,
And they glorified that I from earth
exiled,
Saying: "Here, love, thou blest shall
be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng,
mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair,
And saw, as I roamed through the
regions of peace,
The spirits which come from this world
of distress;
And theirs was the joy no tongue can
express,
For they knew not sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago?
How you gazed on the sad and lovely
wreck
With a full flood of woe you could not
check,
And your heart was sore, you wished
it would break;
But you loved, and you aye sobbed
on!

But ah! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms of unknown care,
To see what I saw, you'd ne'er have
cried,
Tho' you buried pretty Jane in the
grave when she died;
For shining with the blest, and adorned
like a bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there.

Do you mind that poor old man,
mamma,
Who came so late to our door?
And the night was dark and the temp-
est loud,
And his heart was weak, but his soul
was proud,
And his ragged old mantle served for
his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a night of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good man sat in papa's old chair,
While the rain dropped down from his
thin gray hair,
And fast the big tears of speechless
care
Ran down from his glazing eye.

think what a heavenward look,
mamma,
Flashed through each trembling eye
As he told how he went to the baron's
stronghold,
Saying: "O! let me in, for the night
is cold!"
But the rich man cried: "Go sleep in
the world,
For we shield no beggars here."

Well, he was in glory too, mamma,
As happy as the blest can be;
He needed no alms in the mansions of
light,
For he sat with the patriarchs, clothed
in white,
And there was not a seraph had a
crown more bright
Or a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep,
mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before;
For sound was my slumber and sweet
was my rest,
While my spirit in the regions of light
was a guest,
And the heart that has throbbed in the
climes of the blest
Can love this world no more!

Polly's Religion.

There can be little doubt that if the people of Ball's Ferry had been asked to decide which was the most pious family in their midst, they would unanimously have named the Demmings. They had long ago been the nucleus about which the Presbyterian church had gathered. Now, 'Squire Demming's pew faced that of the pastor, and no matter how stormy the weather, there was his venerable white head in its place, and Mother Demming's placid old face beside it. Grace and Isabella, the unmarried sisters, and Joe filled the pew. Young Mr. Floyd, who was radical in his views, or any visiting clergyman might preach what they chose, the Demmings listened with the same calm, devout pleasure. It never occurred to them to dispute any opinion promulgated by a minister of their church. It was "all good," like the Bible. There was no room for choice in either. The 'Squire would be just as likely to read a chapter in Numbers to a penitent sinner as one in St. John. The effect on his own mind was very much the same. Both had the soothing effect of a repeated charm, which set him safely apart from other men.

You would always find on the Demmings' center-table all the church papers and magazines. Their house was the headquarters for clergymen and colporteurs. They were exceedingly fond, too, of religious poems, and could repeat whole pages of Henry Kirk White and Miss Havergal. They took an eager interest in all foreign missionary work: the story of those heroic men in African jungles or Indian bungalows had all the dramatic power of a novel for them. Grace declared that she had a positive affection for that lovely Miss W., who was at work in Ceylon, and considered young Mr. S., who was at work in Hong Kong, one of the apostolic type of Christians, although she had never seen either of them. Isabella took more interest in the ascetic doctrines coming into notice. She professed a delight in symbolism, filled her room with religious emblems and pictures, wore black on Good Friday and lilies on Easter, and fasted rigorously. Every week she noted down in her diary the changes in her spiritual condition.

This familiarity with the outer garments of religion made them appear devout in the eyes of others and in their own. They were a well-to-do family, and hence they found none of the temptations of poverty. They were naturally gentle, unpretending, amiable folks, and hence were not likely to yield to the temptations of wealth. Their pleasant, mild harmlessness, which was in fact due to temperament, was set down by their friends as the effect of piety.

Life to the Demmings was like one long summer day, until Joe brought his wife home. None of the family had ever seen her. They knew she was one of the Anstruthers of Kentucky.

There are Anstruthers in the United Presbyterian church," said Grace. "I hope Mary belongs to our membership."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Joe, eagerly. He was just starting to be married, and he was very anxious that they should all love Polly in advance.

"Does she sing in the choir?" asked Isabella.

"I think not, but she has one of the sweetest voices—a low contralto. And you ought to hear her laugh, Belle! The merriest ring—oh, she'll bring new life into this house!"

The girls smiled. They were fond of Joe, and ready to welcome his wife.

"But I hope she is ready to take a leading place in the church," said Grace, after he had gone. "Joe will some day fill father's place, and his description of her does not give me the idea of an energetic religious woman."

"Well, hope for the best," said Isabella. She was very busy making an imitation stained-glass window for the Sabbath-school room, and was anxious to finish it before Mary arrived.

"Uncle Ben must be kept in his own room when she comes, and Tom can be sent to the country for a month's visit," Grace said, her delicate cheek flushing painfully.

For there were two skeletons in the Demming household. The

'Squire's brother, Ben, who was a paralytic old soldier, and a most cross-grained, profane old fellow, occupied one wing of the mansion. He had a man to nurse and read to him, for his oaths were intolerable to his nieces. Tom was their brother, younger than Joe. Tom Demming had disappeared for three years after he left college, and came back a haggard, dissipated fellow. Nobody in Ball's Ferry knew what he had done in that gap of time, but it was certain that he was under the ban—a marked man.

The family treated him with gloomy patience. They had taken up their cross and borne it; but it was heavy, and he knew that they found it heavy. He was never seen by visitors at the table or in the parlor.

Joe's wife disappointed them all. She was a plump, merry little girl, nothing more. "A very pleasant little heathen!" sighed Grace, after two days had passed.

"I named some of the best books of religious fiction, but she never had heard of them; and she did not know of a single one of our foreign missions."

Good Mrs. Demming was uneasy at this, and that evening turned the conversation on doctrinal subjects. Polly grew red.

"I am afraid," she said, "I am not clear in my idea concerning those difficult points. The truth is, after mother's death, I had the charge of my four brothers, and I had so little time."

"You will have more time now," said Isabella. "I will mark out a course of doctrinal reading for you."

But Mary made slow progress with the course of reading. As time passed and she settled down into her place in the household, she proved to be a very busy little woman. She had a positive talent for finding work; took her share of the family mending, tossed up dainty little desserts, and helped Joe with his accounts. When Joe had gone to his office, she took tremendous walks, advised Mother Demming about her fancy work, or copied the 'Squire's papers for him.

"What a clerical hand you write!" said Grace one day. "I often wish mine were not so delicate, when father worries over these papers. But as for mother's embroidery, women of her age ought to give up that useless work when their eyes are failing."

"It does not seem useless to me," said Polly, gently. "She thinks you all value it."

"Where can Mary go on those interminable walks?" said Isabella one morning to her father. "You should warn her about Black Lane. She might wander into it and bring home typhoid fever."

"You ought to report that lane as a nuisance, father," said his wife. "It is a perfect sink of filth and of vice."

"It is a disgrace to Ball's Ferry that such wretches can find harbor in it!" added Isabella. "They ought to be driven beyond the borough limits!"

"Well, well, my dear, it doesn't do to be too energetic," said the 'Squire.

He was roused, however, to mention Black Lane at a meeting of the town burgesses that day.

"Something must be done, or we shall have typhus among us," he said.

"Something has been done," said Judge Paule. "I came through the lane this morning and hardly knew it. There has been a general draining and cleaning—the dung-hills are gone, the cabins are whitewashed, the women, some of them, had actually washed their faces."

"What has happened?" asked the 'Squire.

"I heard the sound of children's voices singing in one of the cabins, and the men told me it was 'Miss Mary's class.' Some good woman has been at work, I suspect."

"Miss Mary?" The 'Squire's face grew red, his eyes flashed, but he said nothing more.

Going home he met Polly coming to meet him. He looked at her with the eye of a judge.

"Are you the good Samaritan? Have you been in Black Lane, my dear?"

She blushed, laughed and stammered. "Oh, that was the most natural thing in the world, father. You know I was brought up among colored people. I know how to manage them. It was only a ditch dug here and there, a few panes of glass and bushels of lime. They are good, affectionate creatures, and so anxious to learn."

The matter was driven out of the 'Squire's mind before he reached the house, for he saw Tom skulking round the stable door. He had returned that day, and a dull weight of misery fell on his father's heart at the sight.

Tom did not enter into the house until late in the evening, when the family were gathered about the lamp. He came into the room with a swagger, unshaven, his boots reeking of the stable.

"I came in to see Joe's fine lady wife," he said, in a loud voice,

"unless he's ashamed to introduce his scapegrace brother."

"Mary is not here," said Mother Deeming. "Where is she, Grace?" "In Uncle Ben's room. She reads the New York papers to him every day now. They play backgammon together, and they have one of those silly books of Artemus Ward's. I heard him laughing and swearing harder than ever, so he must be pleased. I wonder she can stand it."

"It is hard to understand her," said Isabella, dryly. "Mary is not as careful as to her associations as she should be."

Tom had been listening eagerly. "Enough said," he broke out, with a thump of his fist on the table. "If Joe's wife can take thought of that lonely fellow up there, there's better stuff in her than I expected. I'll go up and make her acquaintance."

For several days afterwards Tom's voice was heard joining in the jokes and laughter that came out of Uncle Ben's room.

"Mary seems to have enchanted them both," said Grace. "Tom is clean and shaven to-day, and looks like a human being."

"Perhaps she treats him like a human being," said Joe.

But even he was startled when Mary came down that evening dressed for a walk, and nodding to Tom, asked him to go with her. "Finish your book, Joe, brother Tom will be my escort."

Tom followed her slouchingly to the gate. He stopped there. Shame, defiance, misery looked out of his eyes. "Mrs. Deeming! I reckon you don't know who I am, or you would not ask me to go with you."

Polly's tender, steady eyes met his. "Yes, I know."

"D'ye know I'm a thief? I was in jail in Pittsburgh for a year."

Polly drew her breath hard. A prayer to God for help went up from her heart in that second of time. She held out both her hands. "Yes, Joe told me. But that is all over now—all over. You have begun new again, Brother Tom. Come!"

"My sisters never have been seen with me in public since I came back. I'll never forget this of you, Mary, never."

A month later the 'Squire said to his wife, "Did you know Mary was going over his mathematics with Tom? The little girl has the clearest head for figures I ever knew. But what can be her object?"

Mrs. Demming cleared her voice before she could speak. "She has applied to some friends of hers in Kentucky to give Tom a situation. Father, I think there may be a chance for the boy. He wants to begin his life over again among strangers."

"God help him," muttered the 'Squire. He surprised Polly when he met her the next time by taking her in his arms and kissing her with tears in his eyes.

In the spring Tom went to Kentucky and began his new life. He has not broken down in it yet.

It was in the spring, too, that Uncle Ben began to fail. The old man was so fond of Polly that she gave up most of her time to him so much of it, indeed, that Joe complained.

"Don't say a word, dear," she said, "he has such a little while to stay. Let me do what I can."

"I say, Polly, was that the Bible you were reading to him to-day?"

"Yes. He asks for it often."

Joe began to whistle and broke down into a sigh. Uncle Ben had been such a godless reprobate in his youth that it never had occurred to any of the Demmings that there was a way to reach his soul. He lived until late in the summer. The Sabbath before his death he sent for Mr. Floyd and talked to him for a long time.

When the young minister came out of the dying man's room he was pale. He had been much moved.

"If sincere repentance and trust in Christ can make any of us worthy, he is."

The girls overheard the conversation. They sat gravely silent after the minister was gone.

"I do not understand Polly," said Grace, at last. "She never seemed to me to be a religious person."

"Perhaps," said the 'Squire, "we have not clearly understood what religion is. We took too much for granted.—We must waken up and look into the truth of the matter."

Congregationalist.

Renew! Renew now!

Show the INTELLIGENCER to your non-subscribing neighbour.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

January 4th, 1893:

TENNANT, DAVIES & CO.

We have decided to commence with the New Year, to use the knife in cutting down prices of

WINTER GOODS.

As they must be sold to make room for an unusually Large Spring Importation. Great Bargains in

FUR GOODS.

Ladies' Fur Capes, Muffs, Collars and Caps, Gent's Fur Coats, Fur Caps, &c., at Great Reductions.

TENNANT, DAVIES & Co

STOVES. STOVES.



348 TO 354 QUEEN ST

Sun Life Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE--MONTREAL.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement:

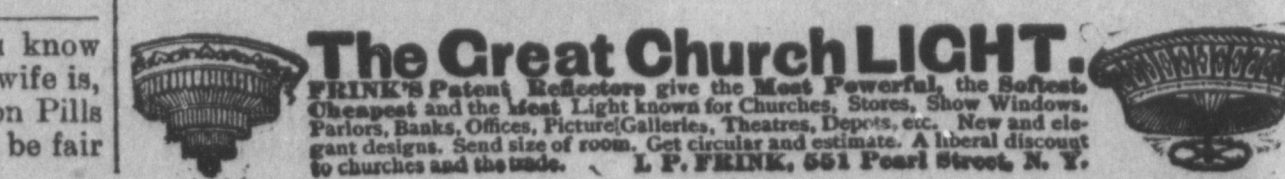
	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872	\$48,210.93	\$546,461.95	\$1,076,350.00
1874	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
1876	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,214,093.43
1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1886	373,500.31	1,573,027.16	9,413,358.07
1887	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
1888	525,273.58	1,974,316.21	11,931,300.6
1889	563,140.52	2,223,352.72	17,164,383.08
1890	889,078.87	2,911,014.19	20,698,589.92

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

R. MACAULAY, PRESIDENT MANAGING DIRECTOR

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.



The Great Church LIGHT.

FRANK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Softest, Cheapest and the Most Light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Theatres, Galleries, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade. L. F. FRANK, 551 Pearl Street, N. Y.